K. HEN. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer
bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day. Look! here's more news.

Enter HARCOURT.

HAR. From enemies heaven keep your majesty;
And, when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of!
The earl Northumberland, and the lord Bardolph,
With a great power of English, and of Scots,
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown :
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

K. HEN. And wherefore should these good news
make me sick ?
Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters ?
She either gives a stomach, and no food,—
Such are the poor, in health ; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news;
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy:—
O me! come near me, now I am much ill.

[Swoons.

E HUMPH. Comfort, your majesty !

CLA. O my royal father!

. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself,
look up!
Be patient, princes; you do know, these
fits
Are with his highness very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be
well.

CLA. No, no; he cannot long hold out these

pangs;